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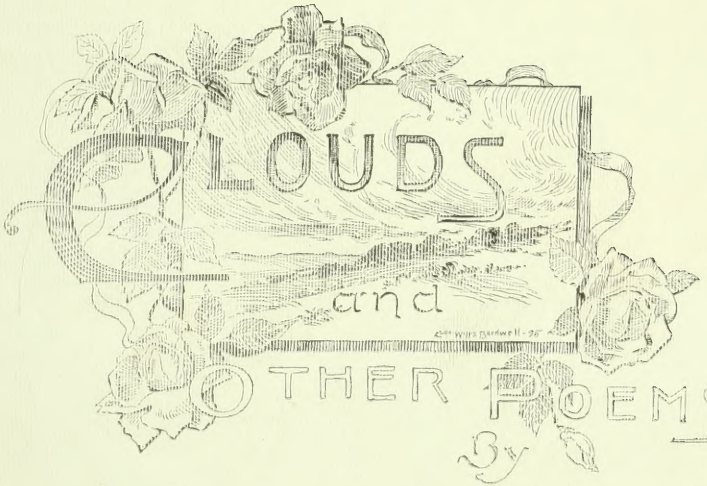

By

GEORGIE LAMSON.

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DEC 23 1905

Dedicated to

My Mother,

Whose loving encouragement was the
incentive to these efforts.

December, 1895.

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Clouds.

Oh! thou marvels of beauty in the mystery of space,
Thou portals of the skies;
Behind and through whose luminous mass we trace
A glimpse of Paradise.

Precursor and bright herald of the rosy dawn's first peep,
Like gossamer art thou!
Thy tinged fingers part the curtains of earth's silent sleep,
From Morning's radiant brow.

Noon day's deep refulgent ray, with full and trackless sea,
Holds in it's embrace
Thy drifting waves of changing light and ceaseless harmony—
Filling lurid space.

At Eventide's sweet hour, when Nature's gorgeousness is spent,
Like elves from play;
Thou nestlest in a downy bank of calm and sweet content,
And diest with the day.

So, as thy gray and vaporous life takes many forms diverse,
Each one so full of grace;
Thou art the crowing glory, on heaven's bright universe—
The soul upon it's face.

Droop low thy creamy chalice
From the sacred alter high ;
Suffer, thou tall, pale lilly,
That we should venture nigh !

Thy purity exquisite,
Thy tending, swaying grace,
A message brings to mortals,
Who look upon thy face.

They read of His sweet majesty,
In thy calm and lofty height ;
And His tender pitying heart,
When thou bendest in the light.

Thy petals thrill and quiver,
Bowing low with silent love,
As if he felt our transgressions,
And forgave us from above !

Bloom on ! O, radiant flower !
Bloom for us this Easter day !
Showing that the Hand that made thee,
Will still guide us on our way !

Sing on the song, triumphant,
To the Christ we so adore !
And from dawn till shady even,
At His feat thy incense pour !

Ever Near Us.

If they could speak to us—
Those that are gone,
The nearest and dearest
Our hearts have e'er known,
What would their words be
To those that are here?
What would they tell us
Of comfort or cheer?

Would it be of the wonders
That greeted them first,
When the glory of God
Through the shadows had burst,
When the greatest of mysteries
Had all been made clear,
And the Light that had led them,
Had banished all fear?

Would it be of the loved
That had gone on before,
Who were waiting to greet them
With smiles as of yore?
Who with tenderest welcome,
For the strange trembling heart,
Bade them look on a scene,
Where Death played no part?

Would they speak of the life
And the work that is their's,
In the land that's so far
From our sorrows and cares?
Would they tell us the tasks
Of the heavenly sphere,
Left them no time to finish
Those left undone here?

Ah, no! Though their world
Shines with radiance fair,
With the wonders and glories
Beyond all compare,
Though for them is the peace
That follows the strife—
They can never be far
From our love and our life.

They are near us in sorrow,
Their comfort to bring;
When our life has a song,
They help us to sing.
And when the night comes,
And the shades grow more drear,
'Twill be then as ever,
Our loved shall be near.

Summer's Adieu.

Nature has gathered in her sheaves
Of amber wheat ;
The glowing emerald of tree and bud
Has yielded us its fragrant breath,
And with soft lingering sighs,
Laid at our feet,
The tender tributes to sweet summer's death.

The autumn wind wails forth
A mournful song,
As o'er him steals sweet thoughts of rustling leaves,
When coy and timid, they would thrill
At his rough and eager touch ;
Nestling among
The sheltering branches of the trees.

Sweet desolation spreads itself
Through hill and vale ;
In all the stillness that seems
To hush our very heart, comes one melodious strain—
A song of soft and sad farewell,
Telling the tale
Of bright-eyed summer come again.

So, when for us, the harmonies of life
Fade into falling leaf ;
And our autumn seems to come too soon ;
Amidst the leaden skies of tear-dimmed night,
May hope's sweet voice be heard,
E'en in our grief,
Singing above the clouds, of coming light.

My Baby

My baby has a cherub face,
With eyes of deepest blue ;
Two dimples guard an arching mouth,
That vies carnation's hue.

Bright, clustering curls of silken wave,
Fall 'round his shapely head,
And half conceal the pure white brow,
Where angel thoughts are wed.

His dimpled hands so graceful are,
So shapely and so white ;
His little feet and limbs would give
An artist's soul delight !

My eyes, entranced, gazed on my boy,
And drink in all his gifts ;
While to my heart there steals a prayer,
My soul, stuttering, lifts.

I want those eyes so deep and blue,
To shine from out his soul,
With courage, loyalty and truth,
And honor for their goal.

I want from out that dimpled mouth
No unclean words to come—
But ever have those coral lips,
Make purity their home.

I want that white and noble brow
Such mighty thoughts to bear,
As help to justify the wronged
And stay the hand of care.

I want those little hands and feet
Do well their mission here ;
A triumph win by valorous deed,
Or wipe away a tear.

I pray, with all these perfect gifts,
My boy's life may be crowned,
So, when the angel's search is near,
A white soul may be found.

THE ETERNAL PLAN

How little thought we give to other worlds
In this, our own ; how much of self we yield
To its environment ; beyond the pale of which
There seems for us to be no wider field.

Our life at times seems almost to move
On axis of its own, so much we dwell
On it's revolvement, and think
No other sphere than this will use as well !

We vex ourselves with questions and disputes,
With punishment eternal or grace divine ;
Estrangement make of love by difference of speech,
And hinge a life immortal on argument supine.

Oh, creatures of how little use are we !
That can no better understand the plan
Of mighty universe, or think its heigth and breath
Can compassed be by finite brain of man !

The constellations fix ed are in orbit most secure ;
The moon's pale dial marks, as months appear,
In closest accuracy of time and space,
It's signs unfailing as the month or year !

The kingly sun, through cycles dim with age
Has sat upon his throne ; no deviation made
In royal dispensation, broadcast on all mankind :
From the second of his birth, the sojourn of his daily life is known.

E'en the lowliest bud it's stated time doth have,
To bloom in beauty and to die in grace :
A May ne'er brings forth June's refulgent gifts,
Nor golden Autumn white clad fields embrace !

So all immutable are laws of heaven and earth,
No change is there ; think not, then, doubting man,
That by a hair's breadth our little lives can turn,
Or find aught but a rightful p'ace in God's eternal plan !

Easter-Morn.

Fairest of days ! Altogether lovely in our sight !
Pure as the emblematic flower,
That early greets thy morning hour,
And sweetest incense pours far out into the night !

Day of the Risen God ! All our hearts devotion prove,
In praise to thy most glorious name ;
And, kindled by the sacred flame,
Burst fettering bonds of earth in ecstacy of love.

At thy shrine we kneel and worship, Oh, Day ! Divinely born !
Our fears forgot—our burdens laid asid
Our human sins and sorrows sanctified,
We gaze into that radiant face, through thee, sweet Easter-Morn !

A Song.

Why, when I look in your eyes of blue,
Whose fringed lashes sweep your face ;
I seem my own heart there to trace,
Because, because its you !

Why, when I feel your hand so true,
With perfect trust laid in my own ;
There comes a joy I ne'er have known,
Because, because its you !

And when this earth is lost to view ;
When in strange spheres our hearts shall meet ;
How shall I know my love to greet—
Because it will be you !

The month of May ! The air so soft and clear !
The sky as blue as month and air can make it,
Is pouring floods of sunshine far and near,
On glad and happy earth, with arms outstretched to take it.

From budding hedge and tree in radiant hue,
Comes heavy rich perfume of nature's sweetest gift ;
And tiny blades of grass and fern in early dew,
Their bright and sparkling heads with graceful motion lift.

Out of wood and grove in full melodious notes,
Come chirp and carol unanimous in accord,
As if the feathered songsters with their little throats,
Could scarce find voice enough to praise their Lord.

The meadows laugh and shake the blue and golden bells
Of early spring-born tributes, bringing too their meed of praise ;
While distant hill with softest verdure tells,
Its wondrous beauty, and earth beams in loveliest of days.

The delicate wire was thrilling,
In it's gossamer dress so fine—
With a softy whispered message,
That came trembling over the line.

"Hello, there ! Central ! " was sweetly said,
In dulcet tones and low,
" I want to reach the tender heart,
Of a maiden whom I know."

"She is the fairest maiden,
That you could ever find ;
But she has made the heart of her lover bleed,
With a wound that I must bind."

"A noble love she has cast away,
With scornful haughty air,
Not knowing, nor feeling the matchless worth
Of a good man's tender care."

" Just now the heyday of life is her's,
Light one bright summer's day ;
And the winning or waste of a loving heart,
Is to her as idle play."

"But when life's holiday is o'er,
And the stern hard lessons begin,
Only think how lonely her hours will be,
When there's no fond heart to win."

" So, Central, you see, my duty is plain,
To waken this sleeping soul ;
And to mould the latent powers there,
Into one great loving whole ! "

The message was sent, and, trembling, swayed,
Like incense in the air ;
For the 'phone was the heart of a deep red rose,
Sent by lover to lady fair.

The Hours of the Past.

In your life of newer pleasure
That you seek away from me,
Do you find the happiness you thought
Would come when you were free?
Has it all proved so alluring,
Have the joys, then, come so fast,
That a thought is never given,
To the hours of the past?

Those happy hours that brought us,
In their soft and silent touch,
One self-same feeling wish and hope
That seemed to mean so much;
The harmony that music found
Linked heart and soul so fast,
And there never came a discord
In those hours of the past.

The hours that brought such perfect bliss
Could have no room for fears;
Your words and looks would seem to prove
The constancy of years.
But you wearied and grew tired
Of the ties you thought would last.
And forgot in one short moment
All those hours of the past.

But in the hours of the present,
Though they bright as sunshine be,
Even bring you all the pleasures
That you sought so eagerly;
There will come a lonely moment,
When the thoughts rush thick and fast,
With a thousand tender memories
Far the hours of the past.

For though the world enchants us
And new friendships turn our hearts,
Though we seek and find another life
In which the old may have no part,
The tears of recollection
Some time will come full fast,
And the heart will feel the old love
For the hours of the past.

To M. Y. M.

As flies the lark from downy nest,
As eagle soars above the blue—
With outstretched wings and trembling breast,
To leave the old and seek the new.

So you, dear friend, now feel your wings
Too strong to lie beneath your side ;
Ambition thrills your breast and sings
Sweet songs of fame, and love, and pride.

Its beckoning hand holds firm and fast
The charmed talismanic key,
The open sesame to realms so vast,
That makes thy captive longings free.

True woman, faithful wife and friend,
Your aspiration, nobly born,
Will, to thy loyal nature, lend
Its noblest purpose—thy life adorn.

May all thy graces find their parts
In the new life where'er you roam,
And reach the place in stranger hearts,
That they have filled in those at home.

My Easter Maiden.

My dainty Easter Maiden !
Poets write of thee,
Songs are sung to thee,
With thy charms and beauties laden.

Is it that for forty days,
Thou hast turned thy face
With it's winsome grace,
Demurely from the world's rough gaze ?

Hast thy soul done penance mete,
For the doubtful deeds
Told of in thy creeds,
That now the world is at thy feet ?

For, if thou ne'er shone before
On lovely Easter morn,
Radiant as it's dawn,
Thou art glorious to the fore.

Like chrysalis from shell,
On our raptured view,
Thou com'st in brillliant hue
A gorgeous butterfly to dwell.

In every tiny flower that grows,
In budding leaf and ripening fruit,
In lowly vale and lofty height,
Is loudest praise, where tongue is mute !

No creed nor psalter follow they,
No noisy acclamations there,
Not even text or sermon heard,
Service is held in silent prayer !

The aspen leaf with trembling sheen,
The mighty oak in grandest strength,
Are brothers in the worship held
Through forest's breadth and meadow's length !

From mountain's top to waving grain,
From sovereign rose to violet low,
Is sung in one accordant breath,
"From Him to us all blessings flow !"

Why need we then our church of stone,
With gilded cross or steeple high,
To learn the lesson Nature sings
From day to day, that God is nigh ?

Why must we saint or sinner be,
As wills the law that priests ordain,
When every humble weed that grows,
Proclaims its right to eternal gain ?

What need have we of firmer faith,
More perfect trust in God above,
Than that which speaks from verdant earth
To boundless heaven in tones of love ?

From daily praise, then, let there come,
Such worship as the flowers give;
And in that, without line or book,
Will come the knowledge how to live !

Evening at the Farm.

The soft and amber light of sunsets glow
Lies over hill and valley
In sweetest calm.
And quiet peace that comes when labor's done,
Is bringing with the dying day
A hush upon the farm.

The open barn with wealth of cattle life,
Is welcoming it's lowing herd
With outstretched arm.
While tinkling bell and calls from far and near,
Bring home the weary wanderers
At the farm.

The birds are twittering their evening hymn,
With softened chirp that sounds
Like chanted psalm.
And myriads insects of the hastening night,
Begin their hum and music
At the farm.

The purple shadows deepen round the place,
The sweetness of the evening air
Brings balm
For tired nature, and one by one
The stars begin to glow and seem to breathe a benediction
At the farm.

A glimpse from open door reveals a scene,
That in serene content and happiness,
Breathes perfect calm.
And pausing on the way till next day's toil,
All human life and nature are at rest
Upon the farm.

FRANK COLLYER,
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